THE SUN SUNDAY OCTOBER 11 1908

"I think we will have no difficulty in

and a postal card will be sent you if it is

"You will probably hear to-morrow."

another woman, who has lost an umbrella.

been a borrowed umbrella. There it is!

and she pointed to one of a lot of umbrellas

The place and time of losing the um

brella corresponds with the notes made

on the umbrella found, and she is made

that had just been turned in.

happy.

She goes sadly away, and is replaced by

"I wouldn't mind so much if it hadn't

turned in. You said this morning?"

#### FROM CHILDREN UMBRELLAS.

THINGS THAT PEOPLE IN NEW YORK ARE CONSTANTLY LOSING.

. What do we do with the children who are lost and brought in here?" repeated the good looking sergeant at one of the station houses in the thickly populated part of the West Side. "Oh, we just put them in the inner room there and keep them until 9 o'clock at night if they are not claimed. Then they are sent to Police Headquarters."

The inner room is not attractive as a permanent resting place for the day while the mother or father wanders about trying to trace the lost child. There is nothing there to amuse the little wanderer. and the hours must seem very long. According to the account of the policemen,



they take their incarceration rather hard at first, and there are tears and lamentations in plenty.
"What do you feed them with?" was the

practical question. Reminiscences of a long, hungry wandering in early years prompted it.
"Oh, we take up a collection," said the

sergeant, "and send out and get bread and milk or a little candy." He spoke as a matter of course, and the

policeman nodded sympathetically.

"It aint much, just a few cents," he explained, "and we can't have the children go hungry. There isn't any appropri ation for that, you know."
Over on the East Side in the Madison

Oak and Eldridge street station houses, the number of children brought in every



A GIFT FOR SISTER.

day ranges from fifty to a hundred. The places are crowded, and toys and matrons, the luxuries of Police Headquarters, do not have to be provided. Impromptu scraps afford the needed excitement.

It is only in the uptown stations, where only three or four a day are registered, that life is tame and monotonous. In these downtown precincts it is practically understood that few weeping mothers or distracted fathers will appear, weary and worn, to be greeted with ecstatic screams of delight by the tired, frightened children.

In these stations the procedure is quite different. Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Lichtenheim as the case may be, having an engagement for a day's work or pleasure, promptly drops little Barney or Ikey in a much frequented part of the streets and disappears. At night she appears nonchalantly at the station and asks the sergeant: "Where's my Ikey?" Seeing Ikey engaged in a

cassage at arms with Barney, she promptly eizes them both, informs the policeman that she'll see that Barney gets home, and walks off with her charges. It is quite satisfactory way of disposing of the enumbrances and is taken as a matter of Once in a while the mother does not come for her child until the next, day, and

indignant when she learns that the waif has been taken to Headquarters.
"Shure an' didn't ye know that I'd be afther comin' for me Dinnis some time? asked an irate mother of one of the sergeants. "I've been lavin' him here off an' on or a year now. Me husband goes up to the Island enough to have his children properly

cases in police annals landed the principal party concerned behind the bars. A child was deserted in one of the down

house and later to Police Headquarters.

Inquiry had by this time elicited the fact that the boy had been wilfully deserted by his father. The story told later in court, and sworn to by the parent, was to the effect that he had married a second time and had never dared to tell his second wife



that he had a child living by his first wife. Suddenly the relative with whom the child was living died. The father was telegraphed to, and the child was hurriedly shipped to the city. Still afraid of domestic wrath, the father took it to the hotel and there left it, not daring to face the situation and believing that the best way out of the difficulty for all concerned. He found that it was not, as desertion of one's offspring has its penalties.

In the department stores children are often lost, the mothers in the excitement of chasing bargains forgetting that, like charity, watchfulness should begin at home. The children are kept for a few hours at the lost articles enclosure and then taken to the nearest police station.

that was ever lost in New York. "You say you were on your way to Brooklyn?" he asks. "Yes, to visit my sister."

IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW.

"It was going downtown from Fiftyninth street?" "Yes. There was a man seated in the train pext to me, and he looked as if he might have taken it, and I noticed that a woman was looking very closely at me when I got up, but I am sure I left it in

The attendant lifts a blank from the desk and asks:

"Mary Smith."

"Residence?"

"Two hundred West - street."

Ranged about the small room are the "Contents?" packages, the flotsam and jetsam of rapid "Two dollars in change. No, I think there was three dollars in bills. Let me transit and its consequent forgetfulnesses.

There are umbrellas, parasols, knobby parcels, boxes, square and round. pink pajamas-no, I mean pink kimoros-"No, we do not have any great number of lost articles turned in," said the clerk in and two shoe lacings." charge. "There is an idea that hundreds identifying it," responds the attendant, come in every hour, but it is not true, and this is supposed to be the biggest shop in

"We have perhaps half a dozen a day, but most of them are articles that the shopper has bought and then left on the counter. After these have been kept a reasonable time, say a month, they are turned into the stock and sold again.

"Umbrellas? Yes, a few, but they are isually reclaimed, and those that are not, are kept for use by the employees. Most of the articles that are lost in the stores are picked up by other customers, who either see them dropped or else find them on the counter, and never reach the lost article enclosure.

"This is particularly true of purses; they are rarely turned in. Of course, the woman who knows she lost her pocket book in the store holds everybody responsible, from the floorwalker to the girl who waited on her, but in a majority of cases the truth of the matter is that the purse was picked up by somebody outside.

The place for lost packages found on the surface cars is at Fiftieth street and Eighth avenue, and for those found on the elevated roads at Green wich and Morris streets. At either place, no matter at what time you enter, you are sure to find a worried looking woman with her hat on straight, which, according to the present style, is a sure sign that it is in reality on crooked, asking for a lost purse.

The polite attendant listens to her tale of woe, as if it were the first and only purse



ges a day that are lost," said the clerk in charge in answer to the usual question. How long do we keep them? Perhaps a month or six weeks.

"If they are not reclaimed they are stowed away, and two or three times a year the unreclaimed articles are sold at auction. The proceeds? Fifty per cent. is used to run the establishment, to pay for wages rent, &c.; the rest goes into the general

"What is the most peculiar article that was ever lost on the road? Let me see We have had monkeys two or three times. and once we had a tame dove.

"Children? Oh, yes, quite a number a children and dogs. A great many of the to bother about, and when they are auctioned off a big package is made of these. The umbrellas and sticks are bound together in lots of two or a dozen and sold by lump." Nearly every one has had experience with

losing articles on the elevated road. One young woman had rather an unusual hap-"I knew that I had lost it." she said, the "it" being a new pocketbook, "on the 'L.'

I went down there and discovered that they were in receipt of a postal card from a man who said he had found a pocketbook which answered the description of place and time in my case, and the owner could have it by calling and identifying it.
"I went. He explained his mission by

informing me that he had no faith in trusts. and so desired to see that the article reached its destination. Then he put me through about the stiffest cross-examination that have ever had. "I was asked to describe the size and ma

terial of the pocketbook, the place and the time of losing it. I answered every question patiently, and he made a slow and methodical memorandum on a plece of paper. "I wish to be perfectly accurate in this, he announced. I have not opened the

ketbook yet, for I did not wish to be so ungentlemanly as to open a lady's pocketbook. However, now that your description of the outside corresponds I will see if see, yes, two dollars and a half in bills: a poem on love unrequited; a sample of you are right as to the contents.

"Fortunately, I remembered exactly the amount of money. I am quite sure if I had been shy three cents I should never have received the portemonnaie. His last question was:

"Is there anything else in the book besides what you have stated that would elp you to identify it?'

There is,' I answered promptly. "There a receipt for a week's board for a buil

'Why gidn't you mention that at first?' he asked irritably. 'I don't suppose,' and he looked at me very suspiciously, 'there's another young woman in New York that carries her dog's board bills around in her

icket seller was apparently pleased at the

"I got the pocketbook all right." "Oh, we get sometimes a hundred pack-At the theatre window the blond haired



heatre?" he repeated. "Well, I should way out of the narrow window in a hospitable sort of a way. "Would you believe possible that a woman could walk out of

"It's true; at least it has happened twice, and neither time did the woman come back. One was a beauty, frills and things, ashes of roses no, it was elephant's breath, the color of mother's wedding gown. A woman wouldn't leave a silk petticoat like

that, would she, if she knew it?" Another nod of dissent, this time more mphatical.



AT THE "FOUND" DESK.



STRANGE FINDS ON THE "L."

I tell you that the women frequently go home without their hats, but it's true. You see, we have real plays over here, and sometimes they get so excited that they just get up and go out without thinking anything about their hats."

But don't they come right back?" "Sometimes they do; sometimes they come back the next day, and sometimes I suppose their escorts buy them new ones don't know about that, but they leave em all right."

He pointed to a hat on the wall of his ffice with a long drooping feather, which looked as if it had been out in a Cape Cod thunder storm.

"What do you do with them?" he was

His eyes had a confidential expression. "They all go to sister," he said.

"And the petticoats?"

"They go to sister, too."
"And the other things, umbrellas and parcels?"

"Oh, those, well, they are kept here for while. Then I suppose some of the people around the theatre take 'em. I don't know as sister would care for 'em.'

"Do they ever leave children here?" was



the next question.

left in the theatre. I was only 14 and furs in his possession. mother claimed me.

There was a demand for two front balcony

set of sables once. Her memory served her

There is, however, a simpler way, and that is to look carefully in the cab before one seats from a young girl who was vigorously leaves it. But the simpler way does not

# THE MAN WHO ELECTROCUTES.

STATE ELECTRICIAN DAVIS A PER-SON OF MYSTERY.

Has Put Seventy-four Persons to Death -Nobody Knows Where to Find Him Between Executions—Is Threaten dout Isn't Afraid-His Views of His Calling.

When he killed the Van Wormer boys in the State prison at Dannemora last week State Electrician Edward E. Davis finished his seventy-fourth execution by electricity, Of these, seventy-one occurred in this State, two in Massachusetts and one in

This man, who invented the electric chair, owns the patents on it and is the only man who can absolutely be depended upon to conduct an execution without a hitch, is remarkable in other respects. Thus, wherever he goes he flocks by himself. He rarely speaks to anybody unless he is spoken to first, and then he is found to be a most affable person, more than anxious to talk about himself and hiswork.

He will cheerfully answer any question put to him, no matter how personal it may About his work he is absolutely cold

locks upon an execution as a matter of business, nothing else. In this he reminds one very much of little Joe Atkinson, the old Tombs hangman, who was as cheerful an executioner as one would care to

"My dear sir, I do not kill these men, said Mr. Davis just after the Van Wormer execution to an inquirer "The people of the State of New York, acting through a Judge and jury, kill them.

I am simply the instrument of the law. I work the machinery by which the State of New York takes the lives of murderers." Davis is a little, gray haired man of 60. Ask a New York politician who is the hardest man to find in the city and he will tell you Tim Sullivan. Ask a State official

Prisons Collins, who is the hardest man in the State to find and he will tell you it is

Davis is a living mystery. He slips from place to place, never maintaining residence in a given locality for any length of time and rarely letting anybody know where

Every once in a while he appears suddenly in Albany, maps out his work for the next few months, and then goes away again, whither nobody knows. He can be absolutely depended upon, however, to put in an appearance at a State prison where there is to be an execution several days before it is to take place. He goes right to the death chamber

and gets everything in readiness, and after the execution he goes away as silently and as mysteriously as he came. The State pays Davis \$150 for each man

he kills. It has tried repeatedly to buy his patents, but he will not sell. If he should die there are probably plenty of men who would be able to work his apparatus, but it would be more or less of an experiment, even if an electrician willing to do the work could be found.

Davis's mysterious movements are attributed by some to a fear of assassination. Davis was asked about this recently and laughed heartily. He receives many threatening letters, he said, but pays no attention to them.

The night before an execution Davis goes to bed very early and leaves word that every precaution is to be taken not to have any noise around his room. He sleeps like a top and wakes up bright and

early.

His work in the death chamber, outside His work in the death chamber, outside of preparing the a pparatus, is very slight.

He looks on while the keepers strap the He looks on while the keepers strap the man in, then puts his hand on the switch and at a signal turns on the current. He never leaves the switch after the first shock until the man in th chair is officially

declared dead.

Very naturally, some people have an aversion to Davis because he is the State executioner. Far from being annoyed by this, Davis is rather amused.

At a recent execution Davis took dinner at a hotel near the prision. Several regular at Albany, especially Superintendent of

boarders at the hotel refused to sit at table with him, preferring to wait until he Davis calmly ate his dinner, reading his

paper the while, and then smoked two cigars while the hungry boarders waited for him to get away.

Davis has no assistants. He does his work alone, and, unpleasant as the work may seem, he certainly does it well.

WENT TO CHINA PENNILESS. Adventures of a Member of the Senior

Class at Syracuse University. SYRACUSE, Oct. 10 .- Syracuse University has in its senior class a young man of many adventures. He is Wesley Hook, and he returns to college every fall after advent-

ures that would make good reading in a novel of the Deadwood Dick type. He established a reputation as a deadbroke traveller three years ago, when he left the university in his freshman year and started for China without a cent in his pocket. His object in making this trip was to rescue his sister, a missionary, from the hands of the Boxers.

the hands of the Boxers.

Hook worked and beat his way across the Continent, obtained a chance to work his passage on a Pacific Ocean steamship, and landed in China during the Boxer uprising. Upon his arrival he found that his sister had already escape: and gone to Japan. After a series of adventures in China he worked his way back to the Continent, after having stopped off long anough tinent, after having stopped off long enough

tinent, after having stopped off long enough to see his sister.

Two summers ago Hook worked in the wheat fields of North Dakota. When the season was over he staked out a claim and built a small board house on it.

After college closed last June he started West again, dead broke as usual, with the intention of finding his claim and making the required improvements on his land.

After walking sixty miles from the railroad

mained. Everything movable had been swept away by the flerce winds which prevailed throughout that country last winter. Hook at once made friends with the other settlers. With their help he built a substantial dugout, which is the only kind of house that is suitable for that part of the

country, where the weather goes to ex-Hook intends to go out there and grow up with the country after he graduates from the university next June.

### THE KING OF FARAWAY YAP

DAVID O'KEEFE REALLY A MON-ARCH OF THE SOUTH SEA.

Savannah Lawyer Investigates His Story and Finds It True-His American Widow and Daughter May Get a Half Million From His Estate-Left a Family in Yap. SAVANNAH, Oct. 10 .- There seems to be

good basis of fact for the story of David O'Keefe, the Irishman who is said to have been wrecked upon the island of Yap in the Caroline group and there to have established a kingdom over which he ruled for many years. Walter C. Hartridge, a Savannah attorney, has just returned from visit to Yap, whither he went to investigate the story in behalf of O'Keefe's widow and daughter, Mrs. Catherine O'Keefe and Mrs. J. F. Butler, both of Savannah.

He says the estate is worth fully \$1,000,000. There is trading business worth fully \$800,000, and holdings of other kinds easily amount to \$200,000 more. Mr. Hartridge says that at least half a million dollars of this will come to the Savannah heirs and maybe a good deal more. . There can be no final settlement of the

estate until May of next year. Then under the German law the King will be considered legally dead. Three years will have elasped since his disappearance. Mr. Hartridge found it hard to reach Yap. A United States warship had to

got there he found O'Keefe's subjects mourning for their dead King. O'Keefe ruled them with a firm hand. He had a standing army of twelve naked savages commanded by a man fully clothed. They saw that his commands were exe-

carry him from Hong Kong. When he

cuted. He never had any trouble. There was never a revolt among his people. They were fond of him, and he treated them well. Mr. Hartridge failed to see the Queen of Yan. O'Keefe after he had been on the island for a time took unto himself a wife. He did not

forget his wife in Savannah, but he was so far away from his old home that he didn't think it was any great wrong to marry again By this wife he had four daughters and three sons. Two of these sons are sup-

three sons. Two of these sons are supposed to have been lost with their father on the fatal trip from Hong Kong last May two years ago. The remaining son is on the island of St. David's.

The Queen was known as Dollyboy. She is said to have had some trouble with the German Government that caused her to be absent from home at the time of Mr. Hartridge's wisit

Hartridge's visit.

Affairs have not progressed well in O'Keefe's Yap family since he died. One of his daughters has taken to the woods with a lover, whom she chose from among the common people. She has gone back to the primitive methods of her ancestors. There is another daughter, who received an education in a convent at Hong Kong. She is a young woman of good address She seems to know more about her father affairs than any of the other children, and

besides two girls not yet grown.

The King did not forget his civilized ways. He had a well stocked library, which is still in his handsome home.

He used to write to his American wife the state of the still in his handsome home.

He used to write to his American wife at least twice a year. His remittances for her support were prompt and generous.

Mr. Hartridge was not able to verify the story that O'Keefe was thrown up on the island with some wreckage from a vessel in which he had shipped. It is more than probable that O'Keefe went to the little group of islands with the express purpose of winning his way.

O'Keefe left a will, and his executor, William P. Lambert of Hong Kong, is now running his business. running his business.

coause He'd Invented a Cattle Corset. "My confinement in this institution is an outrage," explained the harmless inmate to the asylum visitor. "Jealous dairy companies have had me railroaded here. They feared that my new cattle corset would drive them out of business.

"What? Oh, nothing much. Just a little idea I had for lacing cows tight enough to make them give condensed milk."

Equine Philosophy.

"Well, I suppose 'all's well that ends well," neighed the horse who had just had his

## THIS STUDENT EARNED \$175.

A SUMMER'S WORK AT A WHITE MOUNTAIN HOTEL.

He Needed the Money to Pay His Tuttion Fees in the Fall and He Got It by Serving as a Bell Boy-Lots of Other Young Fellows in the Same Situation.

"Yes, I am going to start in my work this fall with enough money to pay for my tuition and a little left over for incidentals," said a young art student just back from the White Mountains, where he had been employed during the summer as a bellboy at a hotel. "When I went up there I had between \$10 and \$15. When I came back I had something like \$175."

Among his fellow bellboys at the hotel were five or six college men, and the rest were from preparatory schools. They were young chaps of good families and good training, and several were there more for a lark than because they had to earn money. "We were all out for the money," said

the art student. "Whoever wanted anything from us had to pay for it. It's the American way, and as our wages weren't more than a dollar a day, except in one or two cases, we went after tips red hot. Taking my case as an example, you can see that we got them. "There are lots of things a fellow can do

to earn money at a summer hotel. At

many of the hotels the clerks are college

men. I know of at least one place where the head waiter is a college student. "My ability to dab off things with a pencil or a paint brush brought me in several

dollars. I earned \$10 or \$15 by marking suit cases with the initals of the owners. "Another source of income was opened to me while I was out on the golf links one day. I had taken along new paints and brushes and was engaged in making a modest little impressionistic picture of the course when a nice oldish woman

to the pound and kept for a few days, after which they are, in the language of the attendant, "mercifully asphyxiated." This applies only to the dog with a bar

The lost dogs that are picked up here

and there in the city's confines are taken

sinister on his escutcheon. The dog with a pedigree is usually sold. "Good blood" is no less valuable here than elsewhere. A young woman who has been spending the summer in Europe tells her experience in losing her watch in London. She wore it on a leather fob and dropped it in the cab

in which she had driven to her hotel.

his attention to her.

"I went to Scotland Yard for it, and, by the way," she remarked incidentally, "isn't it delightfully English to call it a yard when there isn't a glimpse of a yard anywhere around the big stone building?

"I told the story of my loss to the big uniformed attendant, He listened with such close attention that I thought he would draw it out of his pocket and hand it to me when I had finished. However, he merely told me to go to the extreme end of the big building and tell my story

"I did. Then I was shown a long corridor, told to go down there and I would find a room at the end where I must relate my loss. I went, and again and again I was sent here, there, and to the other place, each time the man in attendance listening respectfully and never interrupting until I had entirely finished my story.

"I never recovered my watch, but my faith in human nature went up to a skyrocket height. If Diogenes had lived in London he could have cut out the dark lantern from his equipment and gone to Scotland Yard. Such an array of umbrellas as had been turned in!

"I saw at least 500 which represented honest cab drivers, policemen and stray finders, so if I didn't recover my lost property my time was not entirely wasted, as the man said who threw the stone and missed the bird, but hit his mother-in-law."

It would be interesting to know how many people ever notice the number of the cab in which they are driven. It is a good thing to do if one has a statistical memory. One young woman who has and never puts an address or a telephone number down, depending on her power of remembrance, adds to her equipment figures the number of every cab in which she is driven.

According to her story it was the means of saving her from the loss of a valuable

"I was lost myself," he remarked in his true when she discovered that her furs engagingly modest way. "That is the were missing, and the driver of the cab only time I have ever known a child to be when found had to admit that he had the

chewing gum, and the ticket seller tunred | make such a good story afterward.

of the place where she spent most of her time, and offered to buy it of me. She got it for \$5, and I made several other similar

pictures at the same price for other people.
It was good practice and easy money. "Now, I wasn't an exception as a money earner among the college men at the place. You see, they weren't ordinary bellboys and they understood and appreciated the wants of the guests perhaps a little better than professional beliboys would have understood them. All that counts, you can

depend on it.
Another way of earning money in the

Another way of earning money in the mountain hotel district is open to a young fellow who happens to have a good voice for singing. Several such chaps made good money this last season. The singer was always accompanied by a fellow who was studying elocution.

"The singer gave a song and then the elocution chap got off a recitation. A summer hotel crowd always takes to things like that, and the collection that follows a performance is almost always big. The hotel proprietors always let these travelling pairs have free use of the hotel halls for pairs have free use of the hotel halls for the performances.

"And with your work at a summer hotel

you have time to get into goif or tennisor tramping or baseball. You have good food for nothing and you come home with money, if you are inclined to be just a little saving. Can you beat that?"

#### ALARM WATCHES.

Carried by Travellers and Used as Hominders of Engagements by Day. The newest thing in alarm timepieces is an alarm watch. It looks like an ordinary

watch, but has a gong in its interior. You set it at the hour you want it to go off and wind it just as you would an alarm clock, and it goes off at the time set with a clatter of astonishing vigor and volume of sound when the size of the mechanism is considered.

The alarm watch may be made to serve

the usual purpose of an alarm clock, the man carrying it as a watch by day, setting man carrying it as a watch by day, setting it and winding it as an alarm, and placing it perhaps on a chair at his bedside, or under his pillow at night. It is carried by travellers as an ordinary watch, to be used, besides, as an alarm clock to wake them up to catch trains; and it may be used as a reminder of an engagement by day. to catch trains; and it may be day.
reminder of an engagement by day.
these alarm

They are not expensive, these alarm watches, a stemwinder in a gun matal case costing \$8. spotted me.
"She saw the painting, was tickled with
the idea of having the sketch as a reminder